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Mountain maid, The.

Musical alphabet, The.

My pretty page, look out afar, duetto.

My roses bloom in winter:

Vgive me but my Arab steed.

Th! tempt me not with jewels bright.

Th! where do fairies hide their heads.

Thetty dove.

Secret, The. A Bohemian melody.

Sound, The, of her native guitar, from Il seraglio.

Vay time stay.

typian peasant is song.

Twiss herdsman, The.

They mourn me dead in my father's hall.

To my bower so bright.

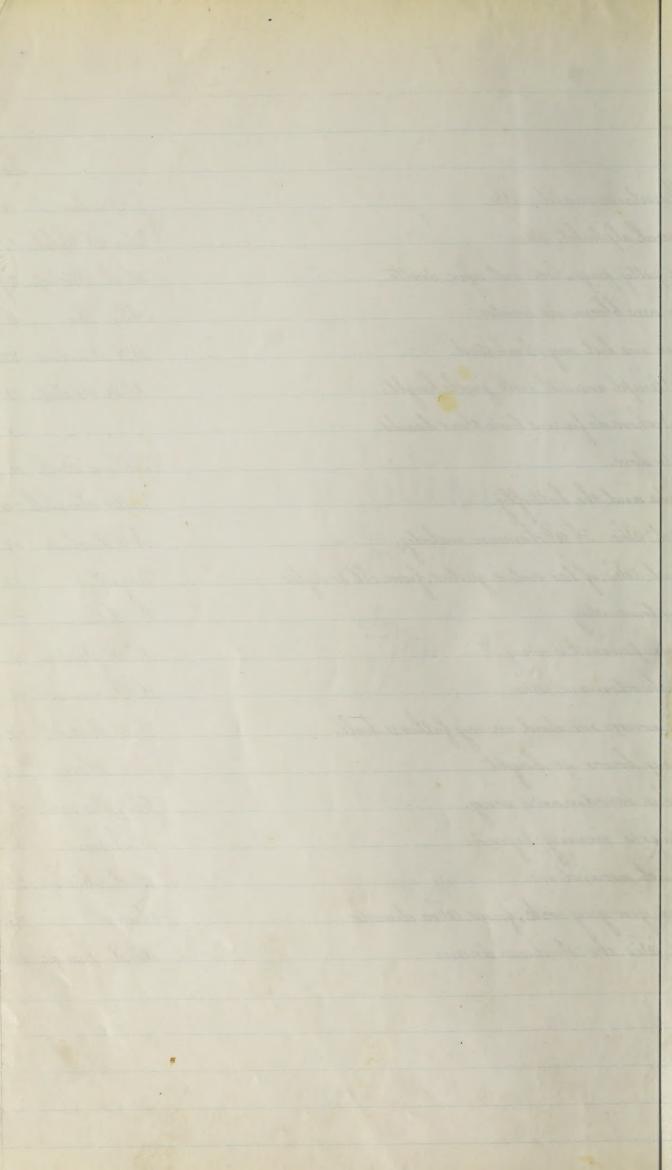
Tyrolese woodman's song.

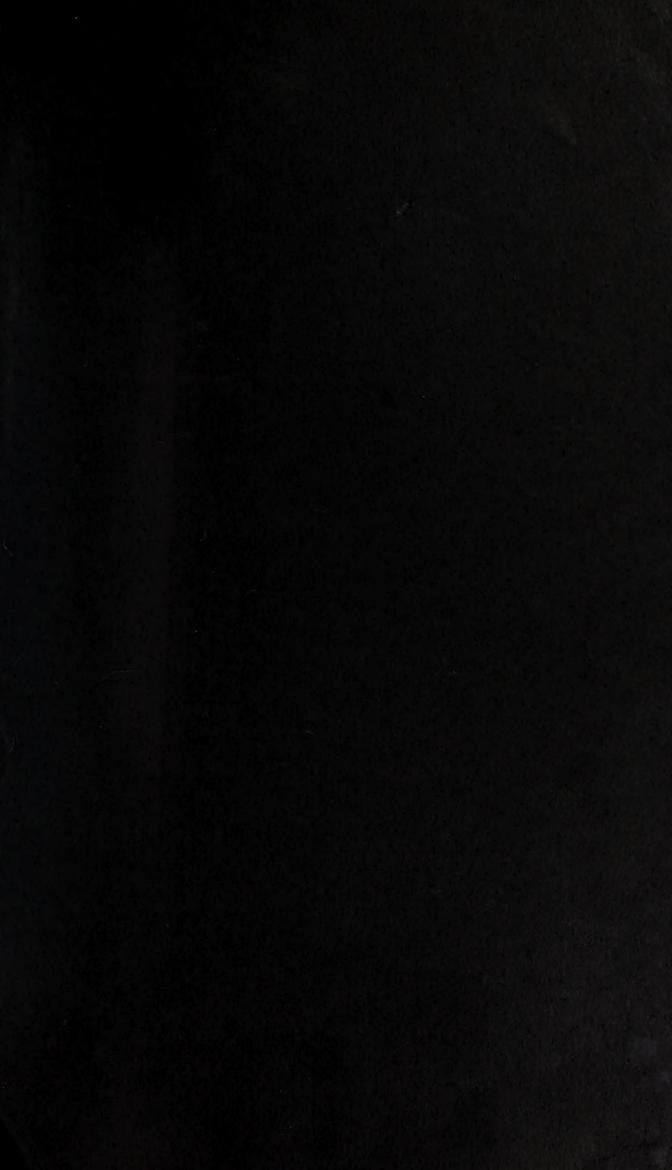
Entager's evening hymn.

leep not around me.

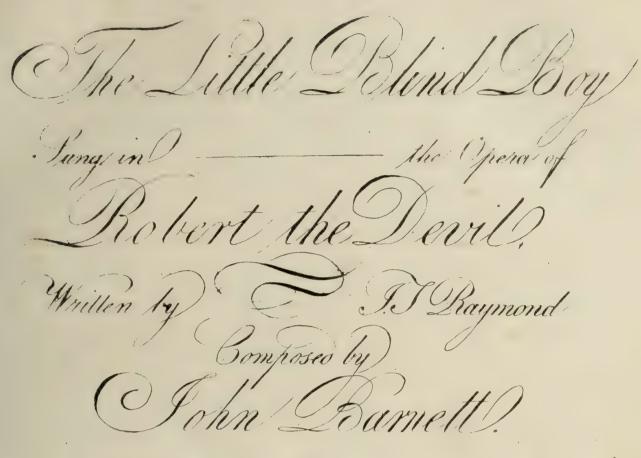
Where you grey rock, from Fra diavolo.

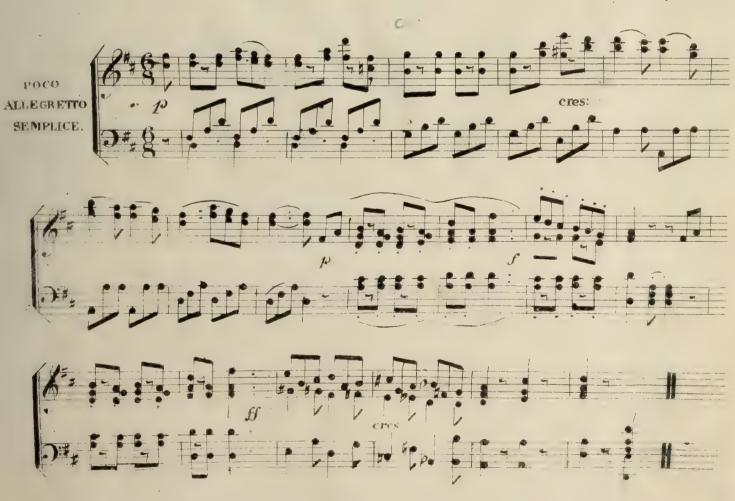
les! Vis the Indian drum.



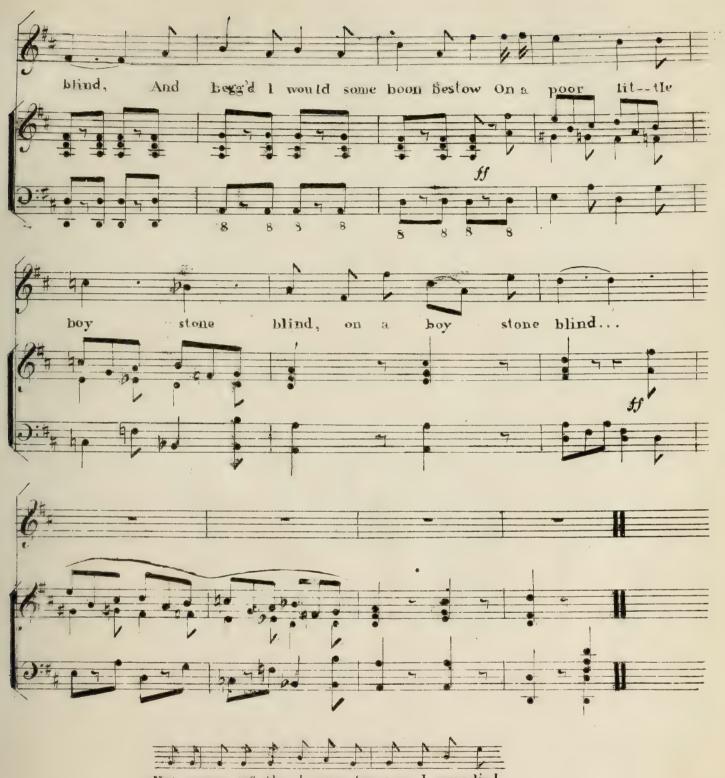












Not aware of the danger too soon I complied,

For exulting then the urchin cried;

And drew from his quiver a dart,

My pow'r you soon, you soon shall know;

Then levell'd then levell'd his bow

And wounded me right in the heart.

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